

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

PER WEEK SIX CENTS.
SINGLE NUMBER ONE CENT.

MAYSVILLE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30, 1881. Vol. 1. No. 8.

BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

FREE PARLOR CARS.

BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

Leave Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.
Leave Maysville.....	5:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
Leave Paris.....	8:20 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Leave Cincinnati.....	8:55 a. m.	3:40 p. m.
Leave Falmouth.....	10:00 a. m.	4:46 p. m.
Arr. Cincinnati.....	11:45 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Leave Lexington.....	4:35 p. m.	
Arrive Maysville.....	8:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Lexington at.....	2:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at.....	2:00 p. m.	

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates.

For rates on household goods and Western tickets address
J. H. H. HASLET,
Gen'l Emigration Agt., Covington, Ky.
JAMES C. ERNST,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

TIME-TABLE

Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R.

Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station:	
5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express.	
9:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation.	
3:25 p. m. Lexington.	
7:02 p. m. Maysville Express.	
Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.:	
6:23 a. m.	4:00 p. m.
9:48 a. m.	7:37 p. m.

Regular Cincinnati, Maysville & Portsmouth Packet.

BONANZA...... E. B. MOORE, Commander.
D. W. YOUNG, and C. WALKER..... Clerks.
Leaves Cincinnati every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 o'clock, m.
Leaves Portsmouth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 o'clock, a. m. Stopping at Maysville either way between the hours of 6 and 7 p. m. Freight received at all hours on the wharf boat. ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Maysville, all Mail and Way Landings. CITY OF PORTSMOUTH.

E. S. MORGAN, Master. FRANK BRYSON, Clerk.
Leaves Cincinnati Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Leaves Maysville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves wharf foot of Broadway. For freight or passage apply on board, or to ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Vanceburg, Maysville and Cincinnati Tri-Weekly Packet.

W. P. THOMPSON..... H. L. REDDEN, Capt.
Moss TAYLOR, Purser.
H. REDDEN and A. O. MORSE, Clerks.
Leaves Vanceburg Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.
Leaves Cincinnati Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For freight or passage apply on board.

Vanceburg, Rome, Concord, Manchester and Maysville Daily Packet.

HANDY..... BRUCE REDDEN, Capt.
R. L. BRUCE, Clerk.
Leaves Vanceburg daily at 5 o'clock a. m. for Maysville. Leaves Maysville at 2 p. m. Goes to Ripley Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday. Connects at Manchester with stage for West Union. For freight or passage apply on board.

F. L. TRAYSER, PIANO MANUFACTURER

Front St., 4 doors west of Hill House.

Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also the best make of Organs at lowest manufacturer's prices; Tuning and Repairing.

AROUND THE CIRCUIT.

Items of Interest Gathered by Our Enterprising County Representatives.

TUCKAHOE.

Farmers are busy gathering their corn. The yield is about half.

W. L. Holton sold the "boss" lot of hogs of this neighborhood to Hechinger & Co., last week.

George Tasco sold his brown mare to Boyd Lloyd last Friday.

Miss Sue Worthington, one of Fern Leaf's most charming young ladies is visiting the family of Elder W. C. Holton.

Mrs. Joseph Pickett, of Frankfort, Ky., was called home a few ago to the bedside of her son, who is lying dangerously ill.

Miss Belle Reynolds, a very fascinating lady spent Saturday and Sunday with her cousin, Lizzie Brown.

Miss Lillie Bolton, one of Missouri's fair damsels, who has been visiting the her aunt, Mrs. T. Pickett, spent last Sunday with the Misses Bacon. She is what the boys call a "daisy."

Mrs. John Perrine has been very sick for several days, but we hope the good treatment of Dr. Pickett will soon restore her to health again.

The school house in which Miss Cora Bacon teaches, caught fire last Friday. The neighbors gathered in and the flames were extinguished before much damage was done.

Mrs. Bettie Smoot gave a most bountiful thanksgiving dinner to the people of this vicinity. It was a day of fasting as well as thanks.

Miss Nona Calhoun, of Maysville, who has been visiting Miss Sallie Holton, returned last Saturday, much to the horror of an ardent admirer.

Rev. John A. Brooks, of Mexico, Mo., closed a protracted meeting at Beasley creek church last Monday morning with six additions. He is now holding a meeting in Maysville and will hold another in Bath county before he returns home.

L. S. D.

JERSEY RIDGE.

The Philosophian Debating Society will hold its next regular meeting the first Friday night in December. The programme is as follows: Inaugural, by A. C. Briney; Oration, by Kenaz Browning; Declamation, by J. B. Briney, jr.; Debate, subject Was Napoleon Justly Exiled? Affirmative—J. Wood Browning, J. L. Chamberlain, W. N. Briney, B. P. Browning. Negative—Jno. B. Poyntz, C. D. Newell, H. E. Pogue, Charley Kerr. Prophecy, by J. W. Browning; Reporter, E. T. Hawley; Paper, by Robert L. Scott; Criticism, by Samuel D. Martin. The public is respectfully invited. S. P. Kerr, Secretary.

MINERVA.

Pork is selling at 7 cents net.

Mrs. Lucie Holliday, of Millersburg, is visiting relatives and friends in this place.

Mrs. Betsy Baker, wife of Rev. Hiram Baker, is lying very low with fever.

John Mahar sold all his household goods on Monday and will move to Maysville.

Mr. John Reson and Henry Coleman have dissolved partnership. Coleman re-

tiring from the firm to accept a position on the Bonanza.

A handsome monument has been erected over the grave of the late James Collins in the Methodist churchyard.

R. L. Wilson is having an addition built to his residence.

Frank Frazee has bought several small crops of tobacco, amounting to near 20,000 lbs at an average cost of \$12 per hundred.

Robert Whipps has had a large ice house built.

Mr. Nick Worthington, of Millersburg, is spending a few days in this place.

Messrs. Frazee & Robertson sold to Jas. Holton, four three-year-old steers. Average weight 1,300 lbs., at 5 cents per pound.

George Winter has rented to John Strode, the farm he recently bought of E. K. Owens.

There is not a man in Mason county that can beat Perry Jefferson for Sheriff in this precinct, even many of the Republicans say they will support him.

David Mannen had a horse to die with lock jaw last week.

John B. Hawes weighed immediately after dinner and weighed 198 lbs.

Jacob Sidwell was badly injured last week by falling down the stairs at his residence.

Rev. J. W. Fitch will preach in the Methodist church next Monday night, and continue the services for four nights.

HUB.

A Tale of a Chicago Love.

Chicago Tribune.

"So, you wish to marry my daughter?"

These words were uttered by a man who fairly hissed them through his teeth as he stood, with a cruel sneer on his lips, in front of a young man, the nervous twitchings told more plainly than could any words, however freely interspersed with adjectives, the torture he was suffering.

"Yes, sir," said Harbert McIntosh, looking up into the face of him who had spoken. "I love Myrtle with a rich, warm, tempestuous love that reck not of obstacles but sweeps away like a mighty avalanche the difference in social position that exists between us. My passion is a deathless one that like the mighty simoon of the desert gather force with every instant of its existence, and stills alike with its hot breath the life of a man and beast. I know that appearances are against me. I am poor and honest, and last Saturday night I had a ten-full beaten at the Owl Club, but I cannot conceal my love.

You are rich and successful, and I can see from the window of my little room in which I work the high walls of your packing house and hear the plaintive cry of the stricken pig who has his interior scooped out and is cut into hams and clear side before the echo of his death shriek has ceased to linger in the musk laden air of the stock yards. You are living under turquoise tinted skies, while I am in great luck to have a sky at all. It is not my fault that you are rich; I love your daughter, and she returns my love"—and, saying this, Herbert looked anxiously in the direction of the window, his

breast giving a great throb of joy as he saw that the blinds were closed and the old man could not throw him out.

"Hark ye, my lad," said the pork packer, while a cold, skating-smile covered o'er his face; "you say that you love my daughter and would win her for your bride, so be it. I have naught against thee save thy poverty. Come to me within a month with \$1,000 gained by thine own industry and skill, and Myrtle shall be your wife. If you fail in this her hand is given to a friend of mine who owns a glucose factory."

"But surely you would not force her to marry against her will?" said Herbert; "she has plighted her troth to me."

"I know not of her childish vagaries," replied the old man. "I have my say. In three minutes I shall untie the bulldog."

Herbert went away.

Midnight on Wabash avenue.

Five men are seated around a table with a hole in the center of it. Herbert is in the party, and opposite him sits his hatred rival, the man who owns an interest in a glucose factory. Herbert is dealing. Herbert looks at his cards and bets one hundred dollars.

"Five hundred" said the glucose man. "A thousand," said Herbert, reaching into his pocket as if for the money.

"Oh never mind getting out your roll until the hands are played," said the glucose man. "I will be easy with you, and only call. I have four aces."

"Straight flush," said Herbert in low bitter tones, as he laid the cards on the table and pocketed a thousand dollar bill which his adversary threw across to him.

The next night Herbert and Myrtle occupied one chair in the parlor of the pork packers' residence. "We will be married in the fall, my sweet," she said in soft, low tones, kissing him passionately as she spoke.

"Yes, Tootie, he murmured, "in the fall. We can live with your folks next winter."

The story that Gambetta poked out one of his own eyes when a child, because his father would not permit him to do as he pleased, is perfectly true. What is not so generally known is that the elder Gambetta remained inflexible even after this display of wilfulness. The boy was being educated at the Lycee of Cahors, and, conceiving a dislike to the institution, asked to be removed from it. His father refused again and again. At last Leon said: "I'll put out one of my eyes if you send me back to the Lycee." It was holiday time. "As you please," said the father, to whom it seems never to have occurred that his boy might have inherited his own strength of purpose. The same day Leon took, not a pen-knife, as the popular tradition has it, but an inkstand, which he dashed with such violence against his eye as to destroy it. Shocked as was old Gambetta, he would not give in; and Leon returned to the Lycee.

The Maltese are protesting against having the English language forced upon them. A petition against this, signed by fifteen thousand persons, is to be sent to Queen Victoria.